

Heard

by Lou Beckerman

You arrived not by a calm crossing
or gentle flowering or fond offering
but by an intrepid freestyle skidding
helter-skelter-style arrival
Your first sound on this merry-go-round
was no whisper or simpering whimper
You bellowed. You boomed. You wailed
wild and unrestrained
Was it a cry? A song? A lament
at being sent back?
All in attendance,
spellbound
by the sound of you,
smiled and found
these resounding
decibels profound
Bravo! for this boundless
crescendo

Loud, proud child
with your undefiled
life-loving free-flowing
heartsongs – sonorous
and mysterious;
your made-up
melodies upwelling
from the deep,
fortissimo

Cruel is the crushing
hushing command
to mime and stand
aligned
with the unsung
and unheard

Disallowed, cowed,
you swallow whole your sound
wounded not by
careless innuendo
but a harsh
not good enough. Shhhhh!
Yours is a desolate
diminuendo

Tacet

Later you will learn
to sing from your scars
and find
your way
sotto voce